

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



BACK TO CAIRO.

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

CHAPTER XIII.—A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN EGYPT.

A FEW days after was the 1st of June, and being for some reason or other a holiday at Mr. Rothesay's office, he had promised his wife to go out with her, and "smell the air," as the Egyptians say, which term comprehends a walk, ride, drive, or a whole day out of doors, as may happen. At this season, unless people are up very early, they can only smell dust and heat, and not fresh air; so Mrs. Rothesay took care to have everything ready over-night for a country excursion, and Asaad,

who was to be one of the party, being the most wakeful, as was supposed, was requested to knock up the cook before daylight, if possible, and send him to his master's door with coffee. By dint of these precautions they were on their donkeys precisely at five o'clock, when the sun (which does not rise so inconveniently early in southern latitudes as in our northern summers) was only beginning to show a faint gleam on the horizon. The khamseen was not now blowing, and a delicious freshness was in the air; indeed, compared with what it had been a few days ago, it might almost have been called cold for the first quarter of an hour. How keenly

the man of business and his clerk enjoyed the breeze, and how restful was the very idea of a whole day in the country, may easily be imagined; and Mrs. Rothesay was in high spirits at not having to take her ride alone, as was her usual fate, and of having her husband's society unbroken by letters and business "for once," as she said.

The servant, on a donkey, carrying the provisions, followed them, and Abdallah walked beside his lady, and rather ostentatiously called to the people to make way as they entered Shubra road. This is the long and beautiful avenue so well known to all English travellers in Egypt, but seen by so few in its glory, for it is much prettier in summer than in winter, and not many are found to brave the heat at the time when the *lebich* trees are in their richest flush of bright green, and covered with a profusion of blossoms resembling small marabout feathers of white tipped with pale green, and whose fragrance is very agreeable in the open air, though it would be too strong in a house.

The *jemaiech*, or sycamore fig-trees, too, are at this season in full beauty; their dark shady foliage affords a perfect canopy from the rays of the sun, and their trunks are covered with a profusion of fruit resembling figs in shape, but when ripe assuming a beautiful pink colour. Mrs. Rothesay pointed out to her husband the pretty groups assembled under the trees, waiting for the fruit. "And only look, Robert," she continued, "at the man in the tree, like the prophet Amos, a gatherer of sycamore fruit."

"I fear, however, the resemblance stops there," he said, smiling; "but the business is, no doubt, the same. Perhaps you do not know that the fruit does not ripen fully unless pricked, and then smeared with pitch on the wound; so that the man has a good deal to do, as the crop is generally very abundant, and there are two crops in the year."

"I am astonished that it should be worth their while to take so much trouble for so insipid a fruit as the *jemaiech*," replied Mrs. Rothesay, "and how it can pay for the time, the price being so small; but the people are so fond of it, tasteless as it is, that the quantity consumed must be enormous, certainly. What a picture that party of women, under the large tree yonder, would make! Their silver bracelets glistening in the rays of sunshine that are beginning to steal through the boughs, and their dark faces so animated in the discussion of whose turn it is to get the first basketful. There is one with such a tiny baby on her shoulder; how it holds on by her veil, its little bare legs, with their tinkling anklets, clinging to her neck! Now the basket descends; the man in the tree lets it down by a long string—"

"It is a pretty sight, indeed, Kathleen; but I must not let you linger to look any more now," interrupted her husband; "for we have to turn off here, and it will be too hot to enjoy riding if we delay."

Leaving the broad road, and the villas and gardens that bordered it, they now turned down a narrow and rugged pathway, under some thorny green acacias, which threatened the lady's veil as, in single file, they made their way until, emerging on an open field whence the crop of corn had been recently carried, they had plenty of space. Here, ascending a high bank, raised on account of the inundation, which would lay the low ground under water by-and-by, they wound along for half a mile or more, and then their destination was reached: it was only a grove of various trees—sycamores, *lebich*, and mulberries, and others, with a *sakia*, or *saghia* (it is difficult to spell a word which has no exact equivalent for the sound in English letters). A

sakia, however, is a watering machine of the simple yet ingenious kind used in Egypt, where irrigation is so well understood. The ox or buffalo, carefully blindfolded (sometimes a camel is used), turns the huge wooden wheel, to which other wheels are attached; and these lesser wheels are furnished with earthenware pitchers fixed all round, and as it turns they are alternately filled from the wells below and discharged into troughs above; these again supply other smaller troughs, and they fill the little furrows made in the earth of the gardens and fields, and crossing them in squares, the labourer opening and closing them as needed with his hand or his foot. (Deut. xi. 10: "The land of Egypt, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot.")

"No green turf here, Robert, nor lovely wild flowers carpeting the ground, as in our country," said Mrs. Rothesay, as she dismounted and took her seat on a carpet, spread on the dry ground by the servant. "I do miss the wild flowers, I own: just near the pyramids I found that beautiful little iris certainly in plenty, and in some of the clover fields one finds a few pretty blossoms now and then; but how few, how scanty, compared to our spring-wealth of primroses and cowslips, and all the rest!"

"Yes, and compared with Syria," added her husband.

"Ah!" cried Asaad, "if Mrs. Rothesay could only see Syria in April—what flowers then! The ground is like a gay-coloured silk in many places."

"True," said Mr. Rothesay; "but recollect, Kathleen, how many pic-nics in England and Scotland are spoiled by untimely showers, cold drenching rain, and yet more in your native Ireland. Don't forget that; and, as we can't have green turf and primroses here, why, we must be happy without them; and you know there almost always is a compensation of some sort, if people only look for it."

"And you both look and find, I am sure," said his wife, with a look of honest admiration.

Meantime the coffee and milk were ready, and the servant had arranged breakfast under a shady *lebich* tree.

"And now," said Mr. Rothesay, when they had leisurely enjoyed the meal, and read, and sung a hymn afterwards—"now, Asaad, what do you think about those men smoking under the trees at the *sakia*?"

"I was just thinking, sir, that I would try to get them to listen to a chapter of the Gospel; as it is the first time, they will very likely be willing; but if I come again, then the difficulty begins: these Mohammedans are so bigoted and so stupid! It seems to me, I was happier when I did not know them so well; when we came from Syria two years ago, and I was full of hope and zeal."

"My dear Asaad, I do not wonder at your feeling. I often have to fight against the same sort of despondency; but we must fight against it; for who is it that is desirous of making us leave off trying to spread the Gospel?"

"Why, it is the Devil, certainly," replied Asaad; "and I suppose, though the work be hard, he wishes to make it seem still harder."

"Yes, that is just it; the soil is stony indeed, and we seem to be throwing away our seed on it very often; but, if one grain takes root, the pains are not lost. We do not know which heart may be opened to receive God's truth, so we have to speak to all we can find; but hereafter no one will think he laboured too hard for Christ, if after all he was allowed to be the means of saving but one single soul!"

"It is a pity you are not a missionary, Mr. Rothesay," said Asaad.

"You know," he said, "that I was already engaged in business when I found the way of salvation, and I did not feel called on to give up my employment, especially as it did not hinder me from working at times, as the Lord gave opportunities, in his service. I have some defects and some crotchets, perhaps, which would make me unfit to work under societies, and I have not private means enough to be a missionary on my own hook, as we say in England; there's an idiom for you, Asaad. But now, do not let us lose time in chatting any longer, but try what you can do with those turbaned fellows. When you are here I need not venture my broken Arabic, so I shall read quietly till your return.

Asaad approached the group of labourers, who were seated under a mulberry-tree, near the huge water-wheel, which had ceased its creaking sound for a short interval, while the patient ox enjoyed a few mouthfuls of fodder. The usual salutations passed, which, in the East, cannot be omitted without positive breach of courtesy, whether among poor or rich. A little talk on ordinary country topics followed, and when a friendly feeling seemed established, Asaad produced his book, and asked leave to read to them, saying he had beautiful histories in it. A murmur of assent was given, and he read several passages from the Gospel, commenting and explaining in the simplest manner, and when once engaged in this his despondency fled, and he threw his whole soul into the work. Two or three of the peasants asked questions, which showed that, though utterly ignorant, they were not without intelligence, and all expressed themselves as pleased, and repeated, "These are good words truly;" and one added, "Come here again, sir, and read us more from your book." Mrs. Rothesay, who understood this last observation (she had been seated near enough to hear what went on), was quite elated, and told Asaad "he ought to be hopeful after that." "Do you know, Robert," she added, as they rejoined her husband, "they begged him to come again and read? one did, at least, and the others gave a true Oriental grunt of assent."

"Yes," said Asaad, smiling a little sorrowfully, "but if I come again they will have changed their minds, I fear. Their sheikh (you know every village has a sheikh, who is feared and respected by all the people) will have heard some of them mention me, and he will warn them that Christians are dangerous people, and that true Moslems ought not to listen to their books, and that the Koran is all they need. So, most likely, next time they will say, 'We are not at leisure now,' or will go away one by one, as the men at the stone quarry did last year."

"Ah, yes, I recollect that," said Mrs. Rothesay; "how very disappointing it was! But still we need not despair surely when God's command is so plain,—go ye into all nations!"

"No, by no means, despair is not a word for a Christian's dictionary," replied her husband; "remember that, Asaad; we need not despair because we see the difficulty. Some people in my dear country fancy that there is such a wonderful change in the Mohammedans that it is an easy task to lead them to the Gospel work; but such a mistake as this does not do any good: a false conception of facts never can. Our comfort is not in such delusions, but in the command of our God to call out a 'people prepared for the Lord,' and in his promise that his word shall not be preached in vain. That is, if there be but a small gathering, there shall yet be some before the second coming of Christ, ay, and some in Egypt as well as elsewhere. We must use

every means in our power, and not be discouraged by a hundred failures."

"The young are our best hope; do not you think so, sir?" observed Asaad.

"Undoubtedly; and here is this orphan boy who was with the poor merchant; perhaps we may do some good to him; it seems quite providential his being sent to you as he was, and finding his way back to Cairo while the impression of his master's death was still lively."

At this moment a young man respectably dressed, and with an intelligent countenance, approached the little party, and, rather to their surprise, inquired if one of the gentlemen had a Gospel he could sell to him. "I saw you," said he, "reading to those men, from a distance, as I was in my father's field, and I thought perhaps you had Gospels with you. I am a Copt, and wish to possess one, for I can read; as to those ignorant fellows, they are Moslems, and you only waste your time in reading to them; their Koran is the book they like, not our books." He spoke with an air of pride that made Mr. Rothesay smile, and Asaad expostulated mildly with him. "But," continued the youth, "it is only throwing pearls to swine to give our gospel to these men who mock at it."

"If they mock," said Mr. Rothesay, "we must shut our book; but we ought to try first and get them to listen; and perhaps you are mistaken, and they will not mock. Now here is a New Testament you can have at a very low price; study it and try to live by it, so that your neighbours will like to read it also."

The Copt seemed much pleased, and went away quite content with his purchase. Meantime the servants arranged a sort of tent, to form a shade as the heat increased, and lit a fire to prepare such parts of the dinner as were not to be taken cold. After the meal, while Mr. Rothesay was still reposing in the shelter of the trees, his energetic wife declared she had had enough rest, and, collecting the remains of fruit and cakes, went to conciliate a group of ragged girls who were playing at a little distance. She won their regard easily enough, and then astonished them by producing some needles and small slips of calico (brought on purpose for such opportunities), and offered to show them how to sew. "And now tell me your name," she said, when six little black-eyed, nut-brown maids sat in a circle round her, whispering and laughing and poking in the needles with various success. "What's your name?" touching one on the arm. "Zeynab." "And yours?" "Fatmeh." "And yours?" "Sayda." (These are the three special favourites among Moslem females.) Another had a name rather difficult to English tongues, which signified *cream*, and another *green vegetables*, or green plants, a name often given in Egypt to girls born in early spring, when the clover is green.

Mrs. Rothesay now tried to gain the children's attention while she told them a Bible story. Between their utter ignorance and want of desire to learn anything except *manual* work, and her still imperfect Arabic, it was a task of considerable difficulty; but she did her utmost, patiently repeated over and over the simple facts of the story of Christ's raising of Jairus's daughter, and explained, as well as she could,—her natural talent for teaching and love of children supplying her deficiency of language to a greater degree than might have been supposed possible. At last she was interrupted by some one calling loudly for Zeynab and Fatmeh, and they rose, saying their mothers wanted them, and the little troop was scattered, one or two looking really sorry, the others not seeming to know whether they most enjoyed the novelty of trying to sew

and being talked to by a stranger, or the fun of scampering away again, after sitting still longer than was their wont; for Egyptian children are not quiet as the Hindoo little ones are said to be, but are restless and full of frolic. Mrs. Rothesay stood for a minute watching the little brown feet running along so nimbly, and the ragged blueveils fluttering in the breeze, as her scholars departed, and then, turning round, saw her husband beside her.

"It was with stammering lips and another tongue, dearest," she said; "but one can't see children so neglected without *trying* to do them some little good."

"You cannot, my love, I know," he replied, "whatever many others might do, and you will have the blessing of having done what you could. Did you see the little school, Asaad?"

"Yes, sir, I did indeed, and thought Mrs. Rothesay was an example for me; if she, with all the difficulties of a foreign language imperfectly understood, and not strong, is yet always trying to do good—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Asaad," interrupted the lady, "don't spoil me by praise; we are all unprofitable servants when we have done *all* that is commanded us, you know, and I don't do half as yet; I am afraid few of us do; it is well we have a loving Saviour to hide our tattered rags of righteousness under his spotless robe, and to accept our poor labours when done for *his* sake, imperfect though they are. And now I want one or both of you to go to the village yonder; it is not very hot now, and I see a party of travellers resting there; perhaps some would take tracts or portions of Scripture; do you not think one might try, at least?"

"Certainly, my dear, we will go and make the attempt; do you have a cup of coffee ready on our return, and then we must start."

Between rest and work the day had slipped so rapidly that the declining rays of the sun warned them no time was to be lost, the twilight in Egypt being so brief; they hurried, therefore, to re-mount the donkeys, and by keeping them at a brisk amble just reached home before the "after-glow" had quite faded away.

"And so ends your last holiday out of doors for this summer, my dear," said Mr. Rothesay, as he helped his wife from her little steed.

"Why, I thought, Robert, you would have a leisure day in July?" she said; "and we could go again and try to find out the same people perhaps."

"No, Kathleen, if I have, the day will be too hot in July to spend it out of doors. A *very* early morning ride is all you will manage when the middle of June is once past; the great heat caused by the dry parched state of the earth makes summer a trying time for foreigners here. You were away last year for four months, you know, so you have yet to experience the prickly heat and sundry other little troubles; but never mind, there is always a compensation, as we agreed this morning, and meantime we have had our holiday, and a very nice one; no bad wind nor bad tempers to mar it, as does happen sometimes. Now let us go in and get a cup of your best tea, my little wife, after our fatigues, and then we will have a prayer for those poor children, and the peasants, and that your labour may not have been in vain."

"And so you have actually been carrying about a diamond in an old tobacco bag, without suspecting it, all this time!" exclaimed Mr. Rothesay, taking me from Asaad's hand as he spoke. This was some months after our summer excursion.

"As I tell you, sir, I never thought of its containing such a treasure, and had laid by the bag in my box of

winter clothes, having a dislike, I hardly knew why, to using the tobacco my poor friend had placed there for his refreshment on his journey. I had even nearly forgotten that I had such a thing; so much had happened since Abdallah came to us in May—my trip to Jaffa to fetch my sister, put everything out of my head. But the other day I was unpacking some winter articles to see if the moth had not got in during summer, and seeing the bag among them, I recollected poor Hossein and his last gift; and then I thought I would empty the tobacco out of it into a paper, and give it to the old blind man at the door as a little treat to the poor fellow; and, of course, the ring appeared as soon as I threw the contents of the bag on the table. I put it away as soon as I had become calm, for at first I felt greatly surprised; and then calling Abdallah, questioned him again about the last hours of his master, not mentioning the diamond, but merely desiring to hear the whole story again. His account was just the same as before. He said the merchant watched him with his eyes all the while he was wrapping up the bag, and charged him to bring it carefully to me."

"Well," said Mr. Rothesay, "all looks as if he really intended to give you the ring. An old bag was not worth watching; especially as orientals are not given to make sentimental keepsakes as we are," he added, laughing.

"I wish we had a little more, sir, of what you call sentiment," said Asaad; "there is too much of looking at gifts only as to their money value, even among those who have some degree of education, and should know better. I thank God's goodness that I have early learned to prize the gift for the giver, and not for its price; but, as my poor friend Hossein was quite unused to European ways of thinking, I was surprised at his so earnestly commending to me an old and worn bag, though I was touched by his affection."

"You say," observed Mr. Rothesay, "that he bought this ring for his wife, but no doubt he expected that after his death she would marry again soon, as, by his uncle's account, it appears she has done; is it not so?"

"Yes, sir; his child died a month after his death, and I suppose she wished to make a new home, and forget the past, as those ignorant women usually do. It is very likely that Hossein changed his mind about the diamond in this expectation, and he knew, at all events, that she was very well provided for, her family being rich as well as his; but what ought I to do, sir?"

"I feel no doubt of its being your property, my good fellow; could the poor man have written, he would, I am sure; but it seems to me as clearly yours as if he had done so. It will fetch, I dare say, £350, or £300, and that you can put out at interest, till you open a house, as they say in Syria. But, if my opinion does not sufficiently ease your scruples, come up with me to Alexandria to-morrow, and there I will introduce you to a wise and good man. I am going on business, and shall tell him all about this; you can then take a second opinion."

"Thank you, sir, I will do so with pleasure, for I have long been wishing to make a trip to Alexandria," replied Asaad. The conversation was now interrupted, and the rest of the day was too busy to allow it to be resumed.

THE TROUT IN THE BROOK.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written about trouts and trout fishing from the days of Isaac Walton until now, it would appear that the real history of the trout

has never been thoroughly mastered. I do not pretend to be able to add very much to the common stock of knowledge with regard to him, but even a little information on the subject will not be quite valueless; and perhaps by jotting down some observations made in the course of my experience as a trout-fisher, I may furnish some few materials towards a better acquaintance with the star-spangled favourite of every lover of the angle. Let me premise that the remarks I have to make will refer exclusively to the brook trout, whose habitat is the tributary streams that swell the waters of our western English rivers.

And, in the first place, I should like to determine, if possible, to what extent the trout is migratory, like the salmon, whom in many other respects he resembles. He never descends to the sea, but towards the end of the summer the largest of the brook trouts do descend to the river, and there, where the brook debouches into the broad stream, the angler expects to find them, and does find them, though in no great numbers, as early as the beginning of August. But does the trout share the instinct that sends the salmon every autumn back to the place where it was spawned? I cannot affirm that it does, and yet there seem to me to be reasons for supposing that it is at least actuated by some analogous influence. For example, the trout will ascend rapids and mill-weirs, where no other fish, not even the pike, can follow him. The brooks of Somerset, Wilts, and Devon are many of them studded with small flour-mills, each with its own dam and weir; and the anglers of these counties know that, while between the river and the first weir all the fish of the river may be caught, including the trout, it is generally the case that above the first weir the trout has sole possession of the waters—to the exclusion of all others, that is, except the eel. Again, it is common to find trout, and these the largest specimens, in the small dykes and runnels that feed the brook; and I have indeed often caught the largest trout in these little feeders. Some years ago, a gardener living near a trout brook in Somerset, but on a level more than a hundred feet above it, laid out a large bed for water-cresses, turning into it a small rivulet which ran through his grounds. He gathered his root-plants from the brook below, and must have brought with them a quantity of trout spawn, for the cress-pond swarmed with young trout in the following year. They did not, however, grow to a large size: in four years the largest averaged less than five inches in length, and their numbers grew gradually less as they escaped down the rivulet, which in many parts was not a foot wide and hardly a finger's depth. The whole swarm of them finally disappeared, probably being starved out for lack of suitable food. What is curious, however, and indicative of the instinct referred to, is the fact that for several years afterwards trouts of a good size were caught in the rivulet, where they were frequently lifted out by hand from shallows scarcely deep enough to cover them. If these wanderers were not some of the old swarm seeking their birthplace, how is their presence in the rivulet to be accounted for? At a house which I used to visit in the suburbs of Bath, the garden terminated in a shallow stream completely matted over with aquatic plants. No one would have dreamed of looking there for fish, least of all for trout, the tangle of vegetation being so thick, and the water so shallow; yet every summer, about August, trouts of half-a-pound weight would be found caught in the tangle, evidently occupied in forcing their way through, and were regularly promoted to the family dinner-table. I know that circumstances like these are proofs of nothing positive with regard to the

habits of the trout: I give them only for what they may be worth.

During the warm season of early summer the trout seems to attach himself to one particular spot, where he will lurk, on the watch for prey, through the best part of the day, only sallying forth on the forage in the cool of the evening or after sunset, when the ephemeridæ are dropping to their watery death. It is in the gloaming that they are most bold and ravenous, as anglers well know, who often fill their creels between sunset and dark, after labouring in vain through the day. In rainy seasons, when the waters are brown with the soil washed down, the trout stations himself at the foot of some fragment of rock or mossy boulder, and will rush at almost any bait that is allowed to slide over the obstruction into the foaming eddy beneath; or he fronts the rapids, steadying himself against their force by means of his tail, and remaining in the same spot for hours in spite of the current. In fine weather his favourite lair is under some overhanging bank, or shadowing tree, whence he will dart forth like a rocket on any unfortunate victim coming within his ken. In parts of the brook the surface flow of the water is sometimes checked by the branches of trees that dip into it, or by some old willow trunk which has fallen across, or, it may be, by the side-timbers of a plank bridge. In such places a kind of cobwebby scum is sure to collect on the surface of the water, and beneath this scum there are sure to be trout lurking, if there be any in the stream at all. It is not by any means certain, however, that you will catch the trout, though he is there. The odds are that he will prove a big fellow, quite as cunning as you are, and not at all disposed to take your bait. If he is a young one of a quarter of a pound or so, he will rise boldly at your fly, and you are pretty sure of him; but if he is an old one, who has been often pricked with the hook, you are more likely to go without him. He will rise readily enough, but not with a rush—rather, he upheaves himself slowly, broadside on, as seamen say; he scans your bait at the distance of a few inches—pokes it about with his nose—turns round and gives it one or two flaps with his tail; if he can knock it off the hook, well and good, he bolts it directly before your eyes; but if not it is not meat for his market, and he declines to do business on any other terms. I have often wasted hours with plump wallowing fellows of this prudent character without catching them at last. One old stager, who lived or lurked under an old pollard "stoul," fooled me in this way for three successive seasons: I blush to record his fate. Wanting him one day to figure in the first course at dinner, I went down to the brook to give him one more chance with a fat grasshopper; he rose to examine it as usual, and as he was turning away—*necessitas non habet legem*—I shot him dead with a gun, and dipped him out with my landing-net, and found that he weighed within an ounce of two pounds. It was too bad; but let my frank confession plead in condonation of the offence, and I will never do so again.

The regular and royal mode of fishing for trout is, as every one knows, that of whipping, or throwing the artificial fly by means of a highly elastic rod and a line which may be reeled out to any length. This is by far the handsomest and most sportsmanlike mode, and it is, in good hands, of all modes the most effective; especially when the angler is adept enough to throw fifty yards of line, and drop his fly, "like a snow-flake on the river," wherever he chooses to place it. I have known a man who could do that. But, in the days when I fished the brooks of my native county, fly-fishing

in that fashion could be followed in very few places. The brooks were, for the most part, overgrown with willows that lined the banks, so that throwing a long line was out of the question. The consequence was that we had to "dap" instead of whipping for trout, and the tackle we used consisted of a rod about twenty feet in length, at the end of which was a line of not much more than twenty inches; the top joint of the rod only was very elastic, the rest being of hollow bamboo. By a few turns of the wrist the line could be coiled round the rod, the point of which could then be insinuated between the foliage; as the fly dropped on the water the angler gave it a fluttering motion. If it were not seized within a minute, it was not likely to be seized at all, and the experiment had to be repeated elsewhere. If it was seized by a small fish, he could be lugged out at once through the foliage; if by a large one, it was necessary to give him play, in which process he had too good a chance of escape, and often succeeded in getting away. In showery weather, when the waters were more or less thick, as is mostly the case in March and April, the only killing method, so far as my experience went, was that of trolling with a substantial worm-bait, or the artificial kill-devil, which latter was most useful when the stream was foulest; but this method in brooks is most destructive of tackle, and is in no respect so satisfactory as fly-fishing. The trout appears to be never sated with flies, though he is often capricious in his choice of them, and will refuse in the evening those he would have devoured with avidity in the morning. One day, having caught a trout of some twelve ounces, and observing that he was rather plump in the region of the stomach, I thought I would see what he had been doing. Cutting him open, I drew from his pouch a mass of May-flies (it was in the first week of June), from which I separated four hundred complete insects, and calculated that there were at least eight hundred more in a half-digested state.

If the angler were the only enemy of the trout, they would not merely maintain their numbers, but would increase and multiply, and afford a valuable and cheap addition to the contents of the larder. Unfortunately, the star-spangled fish has a host of enemies besides. First, there is the poacher, or tickler, from whose future intermissions few brooks are entirely free. Ticklers usually work in couples; and they owe their success to the timidity or stupidity, or both combined, of the trout, who suffers himself to be caught by a method tolerated by no other fish that swims. The following is the mode of operation:—Of the two operators, one, tucking up his loose trousers to the thighs, and his sleeves to the shoulder, gets into a shallow pool, while the other keeps a wary look-out on the bank against surprise, and receives the fish as they are cast ashore. It is the silly instinct of the trout, when he is alarmed or frightened, to hide himself in the nearest hole or shelter, instead of making off at full speed as most other fish do in like case. Consequently, when the tickler goes splashing into a pool, whatever trouts are there immediately betake themselves to concealment—it may be under the eaves of the bank, among the roots or old stumps beneath the water, in rat-holes, or under stones in the bottom. The tickler gropes about the bottom and sides of the banks with his hands, and he will often say how many fish there are in the pool even before he has captured one of them, as capturing them this way is not by any means a quick process. To make sure of a fish, it is first necessary to get him to lie still, as he can only be secured, unless he is very small, by being grasped with both hands; he will be still enough if he is gently tickled

with the fingers in the under part of his body, the feeling being pleasant to him; but, while tickling with one hand beneath, the performer covers him above with the other, and, by suddenly closing both, manages to hold him fast both by the head and tail. In this way an expert hand, going deliberately to work, will make sure of every trout in the pool one after another, and will know to a certainty when no more are left. What is most singular is, that if a trout so caught escapes from his captor, or from the accomplice on the bank, by slipping again into the water, he does not even then run away up the brook or down it, as he might do, but will rush, even between the very legs of the tickler, back to the hole from whence he was taken. I have seen, a dozen times at least, trouts weighing near a pound act in this preposterous manner, and invariably they have been caught a second time.

Then there is the snarer, the adept who, with a long and stout rod, and a line of almost invisible wire, terminating in a noose, drops said noose in front of the fish as he lies motionless on the lurk, draws it slowly on until it has passed his gills, and then, with a sudden fling, lodges the unsuspecting victim on the grass. I am not likely to forget the astonishment with which I first beheld this exploit, as it was performed by a lass of fifteen upon half-a-dozen fine fish consecutively, she not appearing to have the remotest idea that she was doing anything extraordinary.

A still less excusable mode of bagging trout is that of shooting them with a gun and small-shot. By this method numbers of fish are killed without being made prize of, because, if the shot penetrates the air-bladder, the fish sinks to the bottom, and cannot be recovered. Gunners, however, who have once learned to shoot trout—for the business is by no means easy, the true position of the fish in the water being, owing to refraction, very different from his apparent one—such skilled marksmen will indulge in the sport in spite of the outcry against it made by the anglers. The worst of it is, that these gunpowder fishermen invariably select the biggest fish, and thus sometimes carry off by their ignoble slaughter specimens that would have afforded capital sport to the fair angler.

Thrashing the brook was a method often followed in my school-boy days. In this exploit a pool was selected above the shallows; the shallows were dammed with turf and stones, and then a dozen lads would strip, and, entering the brook some half a mile or more above the dam, would thrash the stream with boughs and staves, with as much fuss and disturbance as possible, all the way down to the pool. Then a second dam would be hastily formed within a few feet of the first, and a passage made at the side for the escape of the regular waterflow, and the then closed pool would be baled out by all hands. It would sometimes happen that the take would be capital, every boy having a full bag of fish to carry home; but, as a rule, this plan was, from some cause or other, more productive where other fish abounded than in those parts of the stream where the trout were the only tenants of the water.

I can recollect many brooks in the south and south-west of England where, in spite of all methods, legal and illegal, of catching them, trouts once swarmed in abundance, but where at the present time there is not a fin to be met with. In some cases this total depopulation of the streams is the work of the farmers, who, cultivating the land on the banks, found the everlasting trespass of the anglers throughout the summer months most annoyingly damaging to their crops. They could only get rid of the trespassers by destroying the fish; they did this

by dragging the brooks for them, and in other ways; and, in course of time, they have succeeded in their fatal purpose, if not entirely, at least to such an extent as all but to annihilate the angler's sport. Far worse than the farmers, however, are the cloth factories which have sprung up within the present century in the West of England, and which, having their mills situated on the feeders of the navigable rivers, have poisoned the trout streams by wholesale. There are scores of miles of these tributary streams which, within the memory of man, were clear as crystal, and peopled with myriads of fine trout, which are now the colour of mingled indigo and soot, whose hateful dyes have sodden the very herbage on the banks, and transformed the once-sparkling current into a drain of unimaginable filth. These factories have not only killed millions of the brook fish, but have so infected the rivers fed by the brooks, that even the river fisheries have deteriorated to less than half their ancient value.

The natural enemies of the trout (leaving man out of the question) are sufficiently numerous. Most ferocious of all is the otter, whom I can remember as the tyrant of the close sedge streams it was my delight to fish some forty years ago, and against whom I have joined with others in many an exciting hunt. This water-savage prefers trout to any other river fish, unless where young salmon are to be had; but in my young days he was a doomed savage whenever his habitat was discovered, as the brethren of the angle invariably made common cause against him, and were satisfied with nothing short of his life. In fact, there was no other course to be pursued if the fishing had to be preserved—for a single family of otters will commit more havoc in a season than three or four seasons will repair. Among birds, the most destructive is the kingfisher, who is always to be met with where the trout brooks run between high or wooded banks, though it is not easy to watch his operations, as he is remarkably shy of human observers. He will stand for half-an-hour together, still as a stone, upon some jutting crag or overhanging branch, and then suddenly plunge like a bullet into the water, emerging in a few moments with a fish in his bill, which is swallowed almost before you can get sight of it. Failing to descry a victim from his perch, he will rise on the wing, and, sweeping the pool in circles, narrowing as he flies, plunge after them in mid-career, never, so far as my observation goes, making the plunge in vain. Ducks will eat young trouts greedily, and larger trouts will give these gobblers a wide berth; and, indeed, where the miller keeps many ducks, the angler need not expect much sport in the near neighbourhood of the mill, at least until the ducks have withdrawn for the night. Moorfowl have, among anglers, the reputation of trout-eaters—the young birds, it is said, greedily devouring the fry. But of all the trout's natural enemies the pike is the worst and most voracious. Most anglers know that those parts of a brook which are accessible to the river pike, though they may swarm with roach, dace, perch, bleak, and other small fish, are generally all but empty of trout.

PERIODICAL PEEPS AT FEMALE COSTUME IN ENGLAND.

I.

We are going, in this and one or two subsequent papers, to indulge in some occasional glances at the costume of the women of England at various periods of our history. Having no intention of compiling anything like a

consecutive chronicle of the march of fashion in dress, or of attempting to speculate, as men have speculated before now, upon the connection between costume and character, we shall limit ourselves merely to the selection of what is indicative of a general progress towards good taste on the one hand, and such deviations from it as are manifested by the eccentric, absurd, and grotesque on the other. Being, further, under no obligation binding us to completeness in our casual survey, we shall be as arbitrary as it suits our convenience to be in the choice of matters to be set before the reader. Yet, even with so liberal a license as we have assumed, we must confess to a difficulty in the outset—a difficulty which seems inseparable from the subject, inasmuch as it is scarcely possible to say at what period the costume of English women began to have any decided or definite character peculiar to itself—if, indeed, it could ever boast of such a character at all.

To begin as near the beginning as we have the means of doing, Dion Cassius, the oldest quotable authority we know of on this subject, gives us some idea of the appearance of the ancient British female, when he tells us that Boadicea, when she led her warriors to the field, wore her long yellow hair flowing over her shoulders, and was clad in a tunic of several colours, flowing in loose folds, while a cloak or mantle was thrown over her shoulders, fastened by a fibula or brooch. This was the costume of a proud queen; what was that of the average British woman at the same period can only be guessed, as no illustrative monuments of the time, if there ever were such monuments, have come down to us. The dress of the ancient British women, it has been conjectured, did not differ materially from that of the men, except in quantity—and it must have surpassed in quantity that of the men in no inconsiderable degree, in order to subserve the purposes of female modesty.

After the conquest of Britain by the Romans, the use of the tunic and the toga became common with both sexes; but the ladies ere long invented the *stola*, which represented the modern chemise with sleeves down to the wrists, and reaching in length to the feet—and the *palla*, a cloak or mantle, covering the whole person when abroad. The wealthier dames also wore silk next the skin, and adorned their hair with silks and ribbons.

During the Saxon era the ladies wore long and flowing garments, and their hair, in which they took great pride, was dressed, and in a manner cultivated, with elaborate pains, often growing to a great length. Their costume differed little from that of their lords, save in its modest extension over the breast and ankles; their mantles, indeed, had sleeves, and hung something in the manner of a loose robe, closed by a brooch or button in front; and they covered their faces with veils. Such appears to have been the dress, both of Anglo-Saxon and British women of the better class, at the time of the Conquest.

The Normans brought with them the most singular fashions, such as that of shaving the back of the head, and wearing the whole of their hair as a crest on the crown; but these oddities seem to have been monopolised by the men, while the dress of the women underwent little alteration in comparison. We learn from the effigies of Matilda, preserved at Rochester, that, while the mantle and the tunic were still worn (1130), and the hair in long plaited streamers drooped towards the ground, the sleeves of the tunic had enlarged to a diameter sufficient to encircle the whole body. In the course of a few years the sleeves became still larger, and are described as hanging down a full yard. The ladies'

dress also amplified proportionably, and trailed along upon the ground. The information, however, to be gathered as to the vicissitudes of fashion during this early period is but scant.

The Plantagenet era is richer in memorials, and consequently affords more materials for the study of costume. The effigy of Queen Berengaria represents her with the hair unconfined and flowing, and partly concealed by a coverchief; a brooch fastens the tunic at the neck, and the mantle is secured by a broad band; her waist is encircled by a girdle, to which is attached a small purse for carrying alms. The effigy of Isabel, the last wife of John, varies but little from that of Berengaria. At this period the wives and daughters of the people wore long gowns, and swathed the head in kerchiefs and hoods, which fell over the shoulders.



IN REIGN OF HENRY III, 1216-1272.

The reign of Henry III, which lasted over fifty-six years, was marked by no very great changes in the female fashions; but those which took place appear to have been decidedly for the better—the dress of the ladies towards the close of the reign being charac-



RICHARD III, 1485.

terised by extreme simplicity and good taste, the drapery of the figure falling to the feet in ample folds, in

a manner which artists in all ages have delighted to portray on their canvas.

The reign of Edward I was still further marked by simplicity of costume, though that simplicity was, as a rule, combined with luxuriousness and costliness of material. The effigy of his beloved queen, Eleanor, shows her clad in a long gown with a loose sleeve, beneath which appears that of the under garment tight to the wrist, and a long mantle secured over the breast by a narrow band held in the left hand, the folds falling



RICHARD III.

down and enveloping the feet. A lady of this reign is represented in the Sloane manuscript, No. 3983, with a wimple or gorget round the neck, and fastened by pins at the sides of the face, which are covered above the ears; a gown of capacious size, unconfined at the waist, and loose at the sleeves, trails far behind in the dirt. The quantity of material which was unnecessarily



FROM A MS. OF ABOUT 1460.

used in ladies' robes about this time exposed them continually to the lash of the satirists of the day.

The chief innovation under Edward II seems to have been the hood, which assumed a perplexing variety of form, and must have severely taxed the ingenuity of the

coiffeurs of the times. One kind of hood is specially to be noticed, seeing that it covered the head and shoulders,



STEEPLE HEAD-DRESSES.

reaching to the elbow, and having pointed ends at each side. A good specimen of the costume of the



15TH CENTURY.

higher classes is shown in the effigy of a lady at Ryther Church, Yorkshire. She wears a wimple, covering



CAP, WITH PENDENT TIPPET OR LIRIPIPE, 15TH CENTURY.

the neck and encircling the head, the hair of which is gathered in plaits at the sides, is covered with a

kerchief, which falls upon the shoulders, and is secured by a fillet passing over the forehead. The sleeves of the gown hang midway from the elbow and the wrist, and display the right sleeve with its rows of buttons beneath. The mantle is fastened by a band of ribbon secured by ornamental studs. The lower part of the dress consists of the wide gown, lying in folds, and completely



HENRY VII, 1485.

concealing the feet. Up to this time the dress of the common people was exceedingly plain.



HENRY VII.

Under Edward III the ladies indulged in strange head-dresses, and decorated their long gowns with the



ANNE BOLEYN.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

armorial bearings of their families; and it was now for the first time that pockets began to appear in ladies'

dresses; they were worn in front, and the wearers were accustomed to thrust their hands into them as modern French girls do theirs in the pockets of their aprons.

The reign of Richard II, himself a great fop, witnessed more of the freaks of fashion than the most industrious chroniclers were able to record—the men especially indulging in more monstrosities and absurdities of dress than had ever before been witnessed. Of the costume of the ladies a good specimen is given by Chaucer, who, in describing the Wife of Bath, tells us that she wore kerchiefs on her head, of fine cloth upon Sundays, that “weighed a pound,” and scarlet hose, with moist new shoes. Her travelling-dress was a wimple, a hat as broad as a buckler or target, and a mantle; while his description of the carpenter’s wife serves equally well for a sample of the dress of the women of the middle classes. She wore a girdle “barred all of silk,” a white “Carme cloth,” or apron, full of gores, or formed perhaps of patchwork; the collar of her shift was embroidered before and behind with black silk, and fastened by a brooch as big as the boss of a buckler. Upon her head she wore a wide “volupere” (cap) tied with tapes, and a broad silk fillet round her head. At her girdle hung a leather purse ornamented with leather buttons and silk tassels; her shoes were laced high upon her legs.

During the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, the costume of our countrywomen seems to have been modest and graceful, with the sole exception of the head-dresses, which, judged by modern ideas, were preposterously extravagant and absurd. A tight-fitting gown enveloped the figure, confined by a girdle of choice workmanship round the waist, and for out-door wear a mantle was thrown over all.

Of the various head-dresses which continued in use, each surpassing its predecessor in absurdity, until the end of the reign of Richard III, the reader will be able to judge better from the accompanying illustrations than from any mere verbal descriptions that could be given of them. The variety they exhibited was beyond all precedent; and it would seem, indeed, that every lady who had the means indulged in the realisation of her own notions of what was graceful, elegant, or striking, regardless of precedent or existing example. Some erected towers or battlements on their heads; others spread wide figured cauls on each side of their faces, surmounting them with rich tiaras or coronets; some hung out broad banners, wide enough to compel them to enter sideways through an average portal, supporting the flowing ensigns with frameworks of wire; some affected huge turbans, or they caricatured the bishops’ mitres, or they inserted their heads in bulky pasteboard structures shaped like a heart; while not a few seem to have combined several of the prevailing absurdities of the time in one portentous head-dress not a whit less burdensome in appearance than the head-wads of an Irish basket-woman in the arcades of modern Covent Garden. This odd fashion, or rather conflict of fashions, endured for a long time, and perhaps it may be said to have culminated in the introduction of horns on the ladies’ heads—horns which assumed all imaginable shapes, and were bedizened with all possible decorations. The satirists let fly their sharpest shafts at these enormities, and Lydgate, the monk of Bury, and the most celebrated poet of the day, produced a ballad against them, entitled “A Ditty on Women’s Horns,” in which he warned and admonished his fair countrywomen, and besought them by the example of Holy Mary Mother, to cast away their horns. “Horns,” he tells them,

“Were given to beasts for defence,
A thing contrary to femininity;”

and he reminds them that “beauty will show, though horns were away.” Nothing, however, that was said, sung, or written had any visible effect in preventing the fashion from becoming universal.

When at length the horns subsided a little, they were followed by tall steeple-caps, which mounted to an abnormal height, and were sometimes covered with a gauze veil. Contemporaneous with these steeple-caps was a grotesque horned hood, which hung down the back, and which was worn by the middle classes, who aped without being able to imitate the aristocracy.

The horns and steeple-caps had vanished by the close of the Civil War, and with the advent of the Tudors the extravagance in head-dresses assumed another phase, hardly less absurd or less various in its display. Instead of mounting aloft in the air, the head-coverings now expanded laterally, while voluminous hooded caps were folded back from the face over the head, and lay in thick plaits behind; they were worn together with massive draperies, giving the figure a clumsy and ponderous appearance. Occasionally the hoods were diamond-shaped, while the neck and throat were enveloped in the wimple. This head-gear was affected chiefly by the more elderly dames, to whom it imparted a conventional aspect. Towards the close of Henry VII’s reign the ladies wore their gowns close round the neck, or open from the waist, displaying the stomacher across which they were laced; the waist being confined by a girdle, from which hung a chain with some ornament attached to it. Unmarried ladies usually wore their hair hanging down the back, and invariably wore it so at their nuptials.

The changes in the head-dress which were brought about in the time of Henry VIII may be judged from the portraits by Holbein of Catherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn, which latter portrait shows a modification of the diamond-shaped head-dress of the previous reign. The full-length portrait of Henry’s last queen shows the form of the singular sleeves which indicate this period of English costume; they are tight at the shoulder, having a wide border of fur, and reveal a full under-sleeve richly decorated, slashed and puffed at the wrist, where it is bounded by a ruffle. The open gown and richly-wrought petticoat are embroidered in cloth of gold. A striking contrast to the splendour of the queen is exhibited in the unattractive costume of a woman of the middle class at the same period. She wears a close hood, and nearly covers her face with a muffler, an article of dress which now first came into use, but which did not finally disappear until the reign of Charles I. The sleeves and front of the dress are slashed and puffed, and the long girdle has to be held by the hand.

In the thirty-third year of his reign Henry sought to regulate the apparel of all classes of his subjects by a sumptuary law. As it regarded the ladies, the law enacted that their finery should depend upon the loyalty of their husbands; it forbade any wife to wear silk or velvet, or to decorate her person with gold or precious stones, unless her husband kept a light horse furnished and ready for the king’s wars, under a penalty of ten pounds for every three months.

There was no remarkable novelty in dress under the reign of Mary, who occupied the public mind with far other matters. So long as she filled the throne all ranks of her subjects appear to have practised the utmost simplicity in dress; and it may be that they were influenced in so doing by the stringent enactments she passed, seeing that she punished the wearing of silk by any man below the rank of a knight by a fine of ten

pounds for each day's offence, and mulcted the master who should fail to punish such offence in a servant in the heavy penalty of a hundred pounds.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF WEST SOMERSET.

ONE tendency of our modern facilities of travel seems to be to restrict excursionists more and more to the beaten track; or, at all events, to favour certain well-known localities to the neglect of others. Thus, when the weighty question, "Whither shall we go?" is started in the family circle, we need not name the places which are sure to find advocates. We do not propose to suggest or analyse the list, but we will offer a few remarks on one district, of which little or nothing is generally heard, and which finds mention in but few of the professed "Guides"—the north-western corner of Somersetshire.

Although within two hundred miles of the metropolis, and at no great distance from Bristol, the railway as yet reaches only to Williton, on the outer border of this district, and in but one of its little towns (Watchet) has a beginning been made for gas-lighting. Observation alone could enable our readers to appreciate the degree in which the absence of these modern improvements has kept the people primitive and simple in their habits, and comparatively untouched and uncorrupted by Londonising influences.

Taking, as our central point, Minehead, the sea-port, which shares with Dunster the honours of a market town, we propose to indicate a few of the prominent features of a region replete with interest, and possessing landscapes which "Murray's Handbook" characterises as of "measureless beauty." This portion of Somersetshire, immediately joining on to North Devon, is emphatically a "hill country." We might call it mountainous and romantic, but it is this in the sense of soft and winning verdure, not in that of the wild barrenness depicted by the poet—

"Ye toppling crags of ice,
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountains o'erwhelming!"

There are indeed heathery downs, pine-clad heights, rugged rocks, and foaming cascades, but, combined with these, we find the gentler charms of rural scenery—fertile vales, sylvan hill-sides, and meandering streams.

Minehead lies partly on the side, and partly under the shadow of the North Hill, a magnificent ridge which rises more than one thousand feet above the level of the sea washing its base, and extends about four miles from east to west, presenting, in this expanse, many and grand varieties of surface. Minehead itself is divided into three parts—the Upper Town on the hill-side, the Middle Town at its foot, and the Quay Town facing the sea. It is this last-named that is represented in our woodcut. No pretentious architecture recommends the little town, but its dwellings, washed either white or light yellow, remind us of things that were in days gone by. The road which connects the Middle and Upper Towns especially suggests a dream of the last century. The church to which it leads is a spacious edifice, susceptible of improved capacity, the seating being arranged on the old-fashioned type of roominess. Near the communion table is a long desk, on which lie the chained black-letter Bible, recalling those old post-Reformation days when the Word of God was scarce in the land, and several large volumes, which we were curious to note, as follows:—Bishop Jewel's Sermons (A.D. 1611); Works of Thomas Adams (1630); Sermons by R. Sanderson, D.D. (1657); The Homilies; Archbishop Usher's Body

of Divinity (1648). The view of the country from the churchyard is grand; the paths which branch off from it up and around the hill, command a variety of rare and interesting walks.

Minehead presents the ordinary advantages of sea-side resorts—good bathing, a spacious sandy beach, and a genial climate, without the drawbacks and temptations to vanity and display too often rife at fashionable watering-places. Lodgings are comparatively cheap, and, with a proper domestic commissariat, the living may be good. Whilst pleased with its simplicity, we could suggest improvements, especially in regard to literature; a better circulating library would be a boon to visitors, especially in rainy weather. Besides the church, there is a Nonconformist chapel. We found some signs of Christian work for the poor. Both in the town and in the rural parishes a religious periodical or tract was ever received with a hearty "Thank you," or "I'm obliged to you, I'm sure."

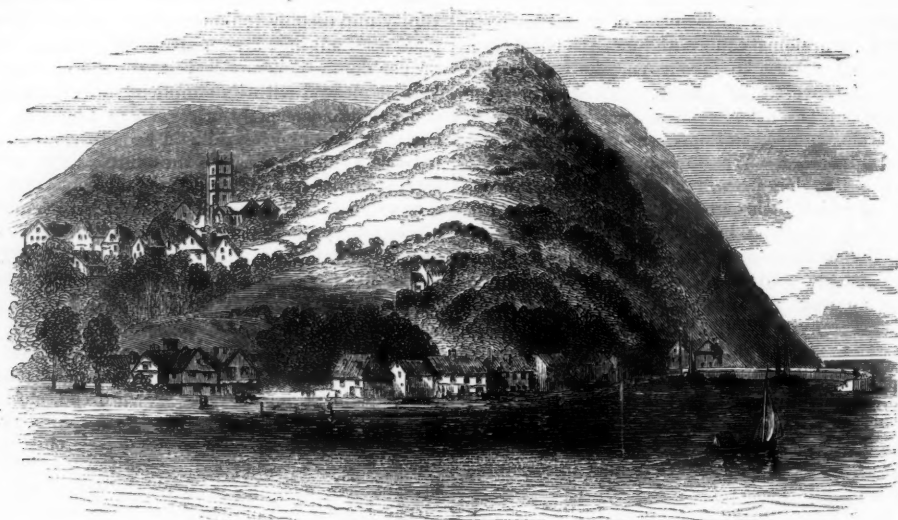
Passing from the Quay Town by the cliff-side road indicated in the engraving, we soon reach Greenalay Farm. This secluded farmstead is so perched that, for three months in the year, the shadow of the hill deprives it of the rays of the sun. Here we obtain the simple refreshment of home-baked brown bread, clotted cream, and milk; and then walk on to Burgundy chapel, the barely discoverable ruin of what was once a religious house, situate on the very edge of the sea. The remains present little enough to occupy the antiquarian, but the glen behind is full of attraction to the lover of nature in its wilder forms; yielding, however, in this to Grixys Combe, somewhat farther on, and only safely approachable by descent from the hill top. Two other of these profound recesses are to be found before we reach the Bossington Beacon and Hurlstone Point, which commands the prospect of a rock-bound coast of great wildness and grandeur.

In this it is, however, exceeded by the glen of Culbone, on the western side of the Bay of Porlock. Here is a church, said to be the smallest in England, built on a terrace of about half an acre, surrounded by most romantic scenery. There are two ways of approaching it from the coast, one by a newly-made road through Lord Lovelace's grounds, but for which a guide and fee are necessary; the other by the "old road," described to us as "not a very good one." This last was the one adopted, and it was found to realise this description and something more, a portion of it having been carried away by a landslip. In place of the broken part there is only a thinly-trodden zig-zag track along a precipitous cliff running four or five hundred feet above the rocks and the roaring sea. Soon after passing this, we reached the glen. "Majestic," "grand," are words of large import, but their use inadequately expresses the idea of the scene. Hills one thousand or twelve hundred feet high, covered with pines, a foaming cascade rolling down from the top to the waves dashing wildly on the rocks beneath, and, in the midst, the little sanctuary four hundred feet above the sea, and six or seven hundred below the overshadowing hills. Strange indeed the fancy which placed the building in such a spot. Few are the parishioners; but we were told that many tourists are attracted on Sundays by the novelty of its position. Let us hope that the seed thus sown, as it were, in the cleft of a rock, may bear fruit to the glory of God. We did not gain admission to the church, but, on looking round the churchyard, we observed that of eight tombstones standing in a row the surname on six was "Red." This must be quite a tribal name hereabout, and it suggests a note in regard to another common surname in the district—

Passmore. Recently a patriarchal Passmore died at the age of ninety-three, leaving, it is said, one hundred and forty descendants, including great-great-grandchildren.

Culbone being the western limit of a moderate pedestrian excursion from our centre (though some may

fruit in the open air, only sheltered by a moveable frame during the inclemencies of winter. Near this stands a rose-tree of the "cloth of gold rose"—so named from its colour—on which there were, last spring, no less than 2000 blossoms! What a contrast to the traditions of the



MINEHEAD.

extend their walk, as we did, to Lynton), we again turn eastward, taking a more inland course. Porlock, and its vale, combine in marvellous variety the softer features of landscape. It would be difficult to find a scene exceeding in rural beauty this vale, as we saw it, from Selworthy Church, only one of the many *points de vue*. Passing by the Bossington and Horner Woods, on the sides of the valley, in which and on the surrounding moors wild deer yet herd, we come to Dunkery, a mountain range twelve miles in circumference, and rising to the height of 1,707 feet.* The beacon on its summit is said to command, in the rare conjunction of a perfectly clear atmosphere, a prospect some five hundred miles around, including the high lands near Plymouth on the one hand, and the Malverns on the other, and embracing parts of Devon, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, &c., besides the South Wales coast from Monmouthshire to Pembrokeshire. Descending from this noble eminence by a path three miles long, we reach the picturesque village of Wootton Courtney, which, with Timberscombe, and some others, lies in a fertile vale at the foot of the Grabbist. This is the name of another range of hills, including surprising varieties of surface and scenery.

Ascending to its brow, and walking for some distance eastward, we overlook Conegar tower, a kind of local beacon, and the quiet town of Dunster, with its quaint old market-place. It is crowned by Dunster Castle, the seat of the Luttrells, who, with the Acland family, are the principal landholders hereabout. This castle was built in the days of good Queen Bess, on the site of one more ancient. Its grounds are entered through an old embattled tower of the age of Edward III, near which stands the iron-studded door of the original castle. In front of the building, facing the east, there grows a marvel of vegetation for this country—a lemon-tree bearing luxuriant

castle—once a battle-ground in the war between the Stuarts and Parliament, now clad with roses! A circular path on the Torre (hill) whereon the castle stands leads up to the summit, laid out as a bowling-green. Here, from various points, widely extended views are gained, combining the finely-contrasted characteristics of two lines of coast, with islands in mid-channel, an undulated park with hanging woods, and a landscape of plain, river, and moorland, all backed by a mountain range. Looking down from one spot we could see, through a vista of trees, to the depth of several hundred feet, and, at the bottom, a cascade, the distant noise of which added to the almost magical effect. From a lower altitude we caught sight of a revolving mill-wheel, which, with the accompaniments, was positively picturesque. Lower still, we saw a gigantic yew-tree hedge fifty feet high, and more than one hundred yards long. Many other objects attract notice, but it must suffice to say that, while some of our historic castles contain special features exceeding Dunster, this last associates points of interest which make it, as a whole, unrivalled. Among our party were those who well knew both the Indies, and they declared that, but for the lack of palms, the present surroundings equalled anything they had ever seen.

Spread out at the foot of the castle is the deer-park, a magnificent enclosure of eight hundred acres, beautifully undulated—a scene of soft verdure and sylvan beauty. Its tenants are between five hundred and six hundred deer, peacefully browsing, and, to the eye, as numerous as sheep in an ordinary pasture. Any of the wood-crowned heights command a prospect similar to that from the Castle Torre. Our visit was at the sunset hour, and, looking from an eminence, the eye took in the spreading vale between the two ranges of the Croydon and the Grabbist hills, with Dunkery in the distant west, behind which the sun was sinking. The light poured forth on that

* Ordnance Map. For other facts and figures, beyond personal observation, the authorities are Savage's "History of Carhampton" and a local "Guide to Minehead."

vista of hill and dale, and the varied combinations of shade and colour supplied by the landscape—sea, cliffs, mountain, plain, woodland, and meandering stream—were something past description. If any suspect us of exaggeration, our answer is, "Go, and see!" Passing through the park, we reach the village of Carhampton, which gives its name to the Hundred, embracing most of this portion of Somerset. It comprises, besides Dunster and Minehead, the parishes of Carhampton, Culbone, Cutcombe-with-Luxborough, Exford, Luccombe, Oare, Porlock, Selworthy, Stoke Pero, Timberscombe, Treborough-with-Nettlecombe, Withycombe, and Wootton Courtenay.

Farther eastward still is Old Cleve, in which the most noticeable points are Blue Anchor, with its cliff of alabaster, and the ruins of Cleve Abbey. The abbey was once a Cistercian monastery, and its various decayed buildings, still of considerable extent, are now appropriated to a farm. In the dark ages this part of Somerset was much given over to the monastic orders, and traces of their rule are to be found, among other things, in the unheard-of saints to which some of the churches are dedicated—*e.g.*, St. Dubritius and St. Decumans. It is a comfort that the country is no longer devoted to fattening do-nothing monks; yet one cannot help regretting that venerable piles, once sacred to religion, are now basely used, the farms planted on ecclesiastical sites being almost invariably marked by unusual dirt and disorder.

And this may suggest the remark that, while at a distance the curling smoke of the village in the glen, or the hill-side cottage, may add to the poetry of a landscape, the enchantment is dispelled by near approach. Too often sight and smell are at once offended by the poor labourers' homes. Happily, we saw also pleasing proofs of effort in the right direction, especially on the estates of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. He has built several model cottages for his people, who dwell in comfort, and are an example to others. One set of these houses, the Cottage Green at Selworthy, appropriated to the old and infirm, is a choice rural nook, with buildings in the Swiss style, and luxuriating in flowers, which the cottagers (who seemed to appreciate their privileges) vie with one another in cultivating. The parish minister, the Rev. T. Müller, formerly a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, acted as chaplain to the first Niger Expedition in 1841.

It is time to bring these remarks to a close. Suffice it to add, that a month of happy relaxation was spent among these verdant hills, and, at its close, we could only feel how much of their treasures still remained to be explored.

DISILLUSION;

OR, MARY OF THE MILL AND THE COUNTESS MARIA.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE had set out for Italy as soon as possible with his young patient, who still needed to be watched and tended with the utmost care; and they were accompanied by the Countess and her whole suite. It had been wonderfully easy to him to accustom himself to all the princely luxury of his surroundings, to all the respectful attentions of the servants. But now and then it seemed to him as if, like Cinderella, he had been charmed into this brilliant world, and as if the splendid travelling carriage would unexpectedly turn into a nutshell; but the dream was exceedingly pleasant, and he deemed it most prudent to give himself up to its enjoyment.

His future mother-in-law, who was still overcome at

times by paroxysms of passionate, almost mad anxiety on her daughter's account, and was only to be pacified by George, had placed in his hands a sum of money which, in his estimation, seemed prodigious, in order that he might clear himself from all his old debts at once. "The courier will superintend all the chief expenses on the journey," she said to him; "it is to be understood that you will have unlimited command over my purse. When the time comes in which, with my daughter, all will be yours, though we do not know when that may be, perhaps you will leave me the management of the property, which is most of it in Spain; at least until you understand our language, our money, and all else that is necessary." Of course he agreed to everything. It was painful to him to speak on that subject; but it was not at all unpleasant to carry about a silk purse filled with real gold, like a prince in a fairy tale.

The richest treasure which he had won, Maria herself, was least of all his own. He feared anything which might over-excite or endanger the tender life which was scarcely snatched from the grasp of death. She still exercised, as at first, a powerful charm over him, yet he was afraid to speak a word of love to her, even after the hopes that her mother had raised; she seemed more like a wonderful picture on which he might feed his eyes, than a living, loving being, who could be his own as a wife and companion. He contented himself with lavishing the most loving and tender care upon her; she accepted all his attentions with the feeble, touching meekness of a convalescent. She began to learn German with him: the familiar tones sounded most charming when pronounced in a foreign accent by those soft lips. The light of her wondrous eyes grew constantly clearer and deeper, while the image of the simple miller's child gradually faded away into the dim distance.

They had hired a charming country house, on the banks of the Lake of Como. Maria was resting on soft cushions on the balcony, and George was sitting beside her. The landscape lay before them in all the enchanting brilliancy of the clear Italian heaven; a soft breeze from the lake tempered the heat of the sunny day. Maria seemed more beautiful than ever. In the happy weariness of a convalescent, she drank in the refreshing breeze which blew over the lake, and she looked up in smiling thankfulness to George, who stood beside her. It was then that he first ventured to express the feeling which he had cherished. A slight cloud passed over her lovely face, and she put her hand over her eyes. But then she looked up to him with a bewitching smile. "Life is so beautiful," she said, softly, "and you have restored it to me. Yes, I will be yours." The full, almost overpowering, sense of his happiness came over him; and yet, why, at this moment of dreamy joy, did the oft-heard and long-forgotten words of the old German song occur to him?

"The vow of love was broken,
The ring has snapped in two."

He tried to persuade himself that he had never made a vow of love, and therefore had not been guilty of a breach of that vow; and more fervently he congratulated himself on his good fortune: yet it was only like a dream, not like reality.

On this same evening a weary pilgrim was being carried to the grave amidst the quiet brotherhood at K—. It was Mary's aged godmother, on whom had now dawned the light which had been so long withheld from her. The people at K— were not accustomed to the display of much violent grief, or of mourning dress at

the funeral. It seemed strange that the young relative, who had not been long with the deceased, should stand by the grave weeping such bitter tears. But the death of her good old godmother was not the only cause of Mary's tears. All the long-restrained anguish of heart, the parting from youth, and love, and hope, from joy and happiness, awoke in her heart by the grave of the friend whom she had tended so faithfully, with the deep earnest wish—"Oh that I might lay down my head and sleep, never to wake again!" Absorbed in these thoughts, in all this sorrow, which, for the first time, had its free course, she scarcely heard the comforting words of the funeral discourse, which treated of the life, sufferings, and hopes of the departed one. Only one text of all that she heard fell upon her ear and heart: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Alas! her affliction was neither light nor only temporal; and yet she felt her thoughts drawn to the text, and then her tears did not flow so fast.

On her return from the funeral, she found the sorrowful message awaiting her—"Miss Mary, a servant has come, with a carriage, from the Mill, to say that your father has had an accident. He has been struck by a wild bull, and lies at the point of death."

"One misfortune never comes alone," said Mary, in sad resignation, as she drove home in the dark starless night, with no light but the text, which she could not forget, in her heart.

When we see the beautiful earth in all its glory, when we read of the lovely, magnificent, and delightful things which she offers in all her varied regions—of Italy's smiling plains, of Switzerland's snow mountains and valleys of emerald green, of Scotland's deep blue lakes, and of the changing shores of the Rhine—of the splendour, the life, and the manifold business of our great towns—and when we are banished to some obscure corner of the earth, to some garret, or sunless town dwelling, then it would seem delightful if the power were given to us of fixing our dwelling wherever we liked best, with a full, unlimited control over that earth-spirit, money, which can be such an obedient servant and such a tyrannical master. And yet this unconditional freedom may be very painful to us; for, unfortunately, or, perhaps, happily, it is often very difficult to decide where the best and most beautiful dwelling-place is to be found. George and the Countess experienced this feeling to the full, when they wished to choose a permanent residence. Maria did not give any opinion herself. Though she daily grew stronger, and though there was a tinge of colour on her pale cheeks, and her eyes shone with a deeper light, yet she still seemed very weak, and gave a smiling consent to all that was agreed upon by the others.

The Countess decidedly rejected the idea of returning to Spain. George had no wish to settle in the castle at Pulverdingen, which had been restored with so much care; and he recommended that it should be sold. The Countess, too, seemed to have a horror of the place where she had suffered so much. Italy did not offer sufficient comfort for the winter, and Maria did not wish to live in a town; so a charming country house was taken on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, and, while the Countess and Maria remained in a hotel in the town, George undertook to furnish it.

He greatly rejoiced in his talent for playing the fine gentleman. He had grown up in the midst of the meagre and tasteless elegance at the Firs, and the oval looking-glass and red carpet at the Mill had once seemed to him the most magnificent adornments possible, and, through his student life, he had always accustomed himself to put up with the most modest accommodation; but now he provided carpets, couches, divans, and all the requirements of the most refined luxury, as if he had lived among such things all his life long. Even the officious chamberlain of the Countess, who was certainly an indispensable assistant to him in all his arrangements, was surprised at his taste and assurance. But now his happiness seemed to gain a sound footing, while before it had only hovered in the air. Now, on this blue-silk couch, in this secret rose bower, in this secluded boudoir, he could picture Maria by his side as his wife. The most splendid piano and the most costly lute were procured, and with these he intended to surprise Maria, and hoped then to listen to the wonderful tones of her voice, which he had only heard once before. He had never succeeded in persuading her to sing again. She was still too weak. He enjoyed the busy life which he led, in and out of the town, until the arrangements were complete, and revelled in the thought of the surprises which he was preparing for her, though out of her own means. With respect to herself, he did not feel oppressed at being only the receiver, for no one ever thought less of money than Maria did. It was true that she had never been without it.

He did not yet know how he should employ himself when all his business was finished, and he should be able to claim this lovely foreign flower as his own. It would not do for the husband of the Countess of Rovera to practise as a physician. He had neither talent nor desire to cultivate an estate, and, besides, he had none of the necessary knowledge. But he would see! He furnished a splendid library, with the most elaborate and convenient writing table; the busts of celebrated poets and authors stood on niches between the beautiful bookcases, where dark silk curtains subdued the light of day, and a magnificent hanging lamp diffused a pleasant glow through the whole room, even before the costly lamp on the table was lighted. Here he would take up all his old favourite studies, for which the labour for daily bread, and his former limited circumstances, had left him no time—but now there would be time for everything. How often, amidst all the oppressive constraint of the last few years, he had longed for freedom! and now he had a golden, unlimited freedom to dispose of his time and his means; and besides all this was the fairy queen, who shook all her wondrous gifts into his lap, and was his own in submissive love. His future mother-in-law appeared to him sometimes in a less ideal light. She did not always seem quite straightforward; her unbounded impetuosity might often inspire dislike, but there might not be many opportunities of calling it forth, and then—she, the proud, rich Countess, joyfully granted him her child, with all the splendour and happiness connected with her gift, and the miller had brought him to task for spending a few groschen more than he ought to have done!

CHAPTER XV.

THEY had moved into their new villa, and lavished great praises on George for the taste and comfort of the arrangements. His papers had come from home, the wedding day was fixed, and the Countess and her chamberlain had arranged all business matters. He was sitting in his rich, beautifully-furnished library, not

knowing where to begin his private studies; meanwhile he rested in comfortable idleness, allowing his thoughts to roam in charming, undecided plans for the future, instead of fixing them in the peaceful contemplation of the present, when the chamberlain announced the "Reverend Herr Brion," Catholic pastor at Geneva. The priest, a gentlemanly man, with a quiet, pleasant aspect, introduced himself as the vicar whom the Countess had engaged to perform the ceremony. "All formalities are already arranged," said he. "It only remains for you to sign this paper, by which you engage to bring up your children, if there is a family, as Catholics."

George had never thought of that till this moment, and he involuntarily moved up and down in his chair. "I thought that I was free from such constraint here," he said, surprised.

"There is no constraint in the matter," said the priest, with a quiet, polite smile. "Should this declaration be a slight sacrifice to you, it might not have been too bold for the Countess to suppose that you would deem no sacrifice too dear, in return for the gift which she unconditionally bestows on you."

"It is not a question of a personal sacrifice," began George.

"By no means," interrupted the priest. "It is the appeal of your future children. Would it be a sacrifice for them to be brought up in the faith of their mother, in whom they will have learnt to honour the impersonation of all loveliness and goodness?" George not answering, the wily priest continued: "I could scarcely imagine that you, honoured sir, would regard it as a sacrifice or an injustice. If you are, as I think I may assume, a man of philosophic education, to whom the confession is only the temporal form in which eternal truths are clothed, then the form in which these truths are given to your future children cannot be of much importance for you. But"—here a satirical smile stole over his face—"should you be what is called a believing Protestant, then salvation will not depend on the creed, but upon faith, and that doctrine you will find also in our creed. If our church is certain that salvation can only be obtained within her pale, that can be no reason for you, with a more tolerant belief, to wish to exclude your future children from this church, and deprive them of a rich and happy future. Besides, I am quite ready to enter into any discussion or conversation with you on our different creeds; for you must see, if you are a sensible man, that there is no question of belief here, and there is no constraint or deception in the matter."

George felt, with deep shame, that, since the time of his confirmation, when he heard and received the truths of his creed without reflection, he had done nothing at all to seek out for himself a true foundation for the faith in which he had been brought up. The study of the Bible he had deemed was a matter only for theologians. There was something in his soul which persistently resisted the materialistic opinions which had then begun to make way among medical men; he had been glad that Mary was pious, and had been brought up by a pious mother; he had also intended to go occasionally to church and to the communion with his family, but he had never thought at all seriously about his religion.

The only thing which withheld him from yielding to the priest was the thought, "Will you throw away with a stroke of your pen all that your fathers won at the cost of their lives, their possessions, and their blood?" And as he took the pen to sign the document, he could not help thinking of the words—

"By this one stroke I pledge my honour;
By this one stroke I sell my conscience."

But that was nonsense; he heard from below the enchanting tones of Maria's voice, for the first time for many months. Should he hesitate at the first sacrifice which he would have to offer for the sake of this lovely being? Was it the first? He signed the document.

While the way was thus being smoothed for a joyful consummation of his bliss, Mary, not Maria, but Mary, the miller's child, had refused an offer at home, which had caused more pain to her tender heart than the signature had cost to George. Her father was dead, and she was living at the Mill with her mother and Christian, when a young clergyman, the nephew of her old friend the schoolmaster, who had early become a widower, had asked her hand in marriage, offering to her, at the same time, an honest heart and a pleasant home for herself and her mother. Mary had refused him, but so affectionately and humbly that he loved her in her refusal. "Do not be angry," she entreated; "do you not see that it would be a sin to accept him with the memory of another in my heart?"

"And should you not tear away and fling from you a memory which only caused you sorrow and vexation?" asked her mother.

"Dear mother, you know that I could not regard the husband of another with any feeling which might approach to sin, but it always seems to me as if a time might come, perhaps after many long years, when I might see him again; how, I do not know; ill and unhappy, perhaps; but you know something of that kind has often occurred to me, and I thought of it when all was over between us. Do you not see, mother, that I should then be free, and I should be able to take care of him and do him good, and perhaps God may then give me some work to do, so that I may not be quite useless?"

The mother let her do as she liked, though she felt that she would not be long with the child.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The winds and waves were roaring;
The Pilgrims met for prayer;
And here, their God adoring,
They stood, in open air.
When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

Not thus, O God, to praise Thee,
Do we, their children, throng;
The temple's arch we raise Thee
Gives back our choral song.
Yet, on the winds that bore Thee
Their worship and their prayers,
May ours come up before Thee
From hearts as true as theirs!

What have we, Lord, to bind us
To this, the Pilgrim's shore?—
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before.
The wintry surge, that dashes
Against the rocks they trod,
Their memory, and their ashes,—
Be thou Their guard, O God!

We would not, Holy Father,
Forsake this hallowed spot,
Till on that shore we gather
Where graves and griefs are not;
The shore where true devotion
Shall rear no pillared shrine,
And see no other ocean
Than that of love divine.

—The Rev. John Pierpont, Conn., U.S.

Varieties.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The thirty-seventh meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science meets this year at Dundee, commencing on Wednesday, September 4th. The Duke of Buccleuch is President for the year. All the Vice-Presidents are also Scotchmen, distinguished by local influences or scientific fame: the Earl of Airlie, Lord Kinnaird, Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., M.P., Sir David Baxter, Bart., M.P., Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart., Sir David Brewster, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Principal James D. Forbes, of the University of St. Andrews. To Principal Forbes we understand the Presidency was offered, as the most distinguished man of science who has not yet filled the post, but his health prevented the offer being accepted.

FABLES ABOUT LUTHER.—Dr. Forbes Winslow having, in a letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette," indulged in some theories on the subject of Luther's supposed visions of spirits, as when he is said to have thrown the inkstand at the devil in the Wartburg, he has been replied to by Mr. C. H. Collette, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. Collette says:—"I am sure if Luther were alive he would be much obliged to Dr. Forbes Winslow for his elaborate 'psychological' disquisition on his case; but he would have, as I now propose to do, pointed out a much more simple solution of the difficulty. The fact is, Luther not only never had the privilege of an interview with his Satanic Majesty, but he never said that he had. The story is one of the many hoaxes got up to bring ridicule not only on the 'great reformer' himself, but on the great work in which he was privileged to be a conspicuous and efficient actor. The alleged interview with the devil is one of the numerous perversions of Luther's writings after he was dead. The portion of Luther's writings (see vol. vii. p. 223, edit. Wittemb. 1557) upon which the traditionary tale of his interview with the devil is built, has been long since most completely exposed. The matter was decisively set at rest by Seckendorf, a Lutheran writer, who proved that one Justus Jonas, formerly a colleague in divinity of Luther, translated this piece of Luther's writings from the German into Latin, but garbled the text in many places, and left out these words, 'Meo corde; multas enim noctes mihi acerbas et molestas fecit,' which ought immediately to follow the first sentence, 'Satan mecum caput ejusmodi disputationem'; so that the passage would run thus, 'Satan began with me, in my heart, the following disputation.' (See Seckendorf's 'Commentarius de Lutherismo,' etc., lib. i. sec. cii. Lips. 1694.)"

RAILWAY SPEED.—A comparison of a large number of examples has enabled the Railway Commission to make the following statement:—In England the express trains run generally, including stoppages, about 40 miles per hour; the average of all the examples of the quickest trains (omitting suburban) gives 36½ miles per hour; the ordinary trains run generally from 18 to 30 miles per hour; the average of all the examples of the slowest trains gives 19½ miles per hour. In France the express trains run, including stoppages, 25 to 35 miles per hour; the average of the quickest examples is 31 miles; the ordinary trains run from 16 to 25 miles per hour; the average of all the examples of the slowest trains is 18 miles per hour. The average is pretty much the same in other continental countries.

VILLAGE CLUBS.—We are much gratified by receiving the accompanying letter, and hope the example may be widely followed. The writer modestly wishes his own name and the name of the village (in Cambridgeshire) not to be mentioned; but the printed Report of the Club for last year is before us. Lord Royston presided at the meeting. Our correspondent says: "I was born in this village, and have lived here all my lifetime. I was bred a farmer, but, being fond of mechanics, I occupied my spare hours in the construction of agricultural machines, and by degrees established a manufactory for them, in which I am now able to employ a good number of hands. I have for years observed that the chief bane to the happiness of the working people of this and of other villages is the habit of drunkenness, which so many working men acquire at public-houses. It occurred to me, about four years ago, that, if a building were erected containing all the comforts of a public-house, without the contaminating influence, it might partly counteract the bad effects of the public-house. As Providence had greatly prospered me in my favourite business, I determined to appropriate

£500 or £600 to the object; and, having purchased ground sufficiently large for outdoor recreation, I finished the building on it in 1865. I did not know precisely what regulations I should adopt, till I met with the Part of the 'Leisure Hour' for October 1864, when I found that institutions nearly similar to what I contemplated had been established in London and some provincial towns. I immediately communicated with the society named in the article, and readily got most valuable information, from which I was enabled to frame a code of regulations. The enclosed Report, voluntarily printed by a tradesman from a neighbouring village, last Christmas, in the building, will show how far success has attended the project. In order to aid the funds necessary to carry it on, we have entertainments throughout the winters, consisting of music, readings, and recitations, and we sometimes on such occasions have an original composition, as on the subject of a recent article in the 'Leisure Hour'—'Popular English Superstitions.' I thought, when the project of this institution entered my mind, it was quite original, till the 'Leisure Hour' enlightened me. I however do not know that anywhere else in England it has been attempted in a rural district; but I feel now more than ever convinced that something of the kind ought to exist in every district where the working population is sufficiently dense.

"R. M."

AUSTRALIA.—The memorial of the Australian Conference on postal communication with Great Britain contains the following remarkable statements:—"Within the last sixteen years the two colonies of Victoria and New South Wales have produced a supply of gold amounting in value to £150,000,000 sterling, five-sixths of which has been the produce of Victoria alone. The colony of New South Wales has raised from the earth 4,617,100 tons of coal, valued at £2,742,224; and her coalfields, north and south of the port of Sydney, may be said to be inexhaustible. New Zealand has risen within the last few years to an important position as a producer of gold and wool. In ten years the colony of South Australia has exported copper to the value of £4,751,638, while the produce of her corn-fields is unsurpassed by other countries. The colony of Queensland, in addition to her pastoral and mineral wealth, has established by successful experiment her capability of growing both cotton and sugar. Nor are the resources of Tasmania unimportant to the British Empire. Her wool, grain, and timber, with the oil of her whale fisheries, form a valuable part of Australian exports. In the year 1865 the exports of the six associated colonies in five articles of production, which are selected for their conspicuous value to the world, amounted to more than 21 millions sterling—viz., wool, £8,149,635; gold, £11,165,811; grain, £1,335,748; copper ore, £618,472; coal, £274,303. The imports into the six colonies in 1865 amounted to £34,936,987; and, although this includes the intercolonial trade and the imports from foreign countries, by far the greater part of this seaborne commerce assists in sustaining the manufacturing power of the United Kingdom. The shipping returns of 1865 for the Australian colonies give an aggregate of arrivals amounting to 1,969,091 tons, and 2,017,724 tons as the aggregate of departures. The present number of those animals most useful to man, as compared with the number only forty-two years ago, will exhibit alike the progress and the internal wealth of the colonies. In the year 1825 there were in all Australia 6,142 horses, 134,515 head of horned cattle, and 237,622 sheep. In 1865 the returns for the Australian colonies alone, omitting New Zealand, were 550,874 horses, 3,717,175 horned cattle, and 29,293,744 sheep. The population of Australasia is fast approaching an aggregate of 2,000,000."

MEMORY TREACHEROUS.—You have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted everything to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cartload of recollections.—Gray, the poet, to Mason.

COST OF LAW AND JUSTICE.—For the financial year 1865-66 the charges borne by the public purse for courts of law and justice, for criminal prosecutions, and for the legal expenses of the public departments, the total amount was £1,750,596 in England, £230,392 in Scotland, £363,552 in Ireland, making together £2,344,540. A separate return shows the expenditure for courts of justice defrayed from county, borough, or local funds.